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1830

TENNYSON'S

ENOCH ARDEN

EDITED WITH

An Introduction and Notes

BY

H. ROBERTSON,

A. C. P. (London)

H. S. T. C.

Plot No. ... 11
... Extension,
Mahantesh Nagar, Belgaum-590015
Mob: 9449311514, 9008326282

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NOTES
ON
TENNYSON'S
ENOCH ARDEN

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BY
H. ROBERTSON,
A. C. P. (London)
H. S. T. C., F. R. G. S.

AKSHARA GRANTHALAYA
ACC.NO. 107844

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LORD TENNYSON.

Life—Alfred Tennyson was born in Linconshire in 1809, his father being the rector there. When he was seven years old he was sent to school, and in due course to Cambridge, where he won in 1830 the Chancellor's medal for a poem entitled '*Timbuctoo.*' In 1831 he left the university without taking a degree.

The next six years were spent in retirement and study. In 1833 his intimate friend Arthur Hallam died. This plunged him into deep grief, and inspired the poet's long elegy '*In Memoriam.*'

In 1850 Tennyson was appointed Poet Laureate, and in the same year he married Emily Selwood. Years of steady work and popularity followed. He was created a Peer in 1884, and about eight years later, in 1892 he died and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

His works—Tennyson has written many poems, long and short. Some of the most notable among these are *In Memoriam*, *Idylls of the King*, *The Princess*, *Maud*, *Enoch Arden*, *Ulysses*, *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, *Lotos Eaters*, and a large number of very beautiful songs and lyrics.

A Panoramic View of the sea port.

A chasm in which are foamy and yellow sands

2 Red roofs of the sea port.

3 An old church

4 A towered mill on high ground

5 Danish graves

6 Hazel wood

A Detailed close observation of the children's play among the waste materials on the sea-shore,

{ Built their castles of
{ dissolving sand

ENOCH ARDEN

BY

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

LONG lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a moulder'd church; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago,
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn;
And built their castles of dissolving sand
To watch them overflow'd, or following up
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff:

In this the children play'd at keeping house.
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,
While Annie still was mistress ; but at times
Enoch would hold possession for a week :
"This is my house and this my little wife."
"Mine too," said Philip "turn and turn about :"
When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch stronger-made
Was master : then would Philip, his blue eyes
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
Shriek out "I hate you, Enoch," and at this
The little wife would weep for company,
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
Was felt by either, either fixt his heart
On that one girl ; and Enoch spoke his love,
But Philip loved in silence ; and the girl
Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him ;
But she loved Enoch ; tho' she knew it not,
And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch set
A purpose evermore before his eyes,
To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
To purchase his own boat, and make a home
For Annie : and so prosper'd that at last
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
A carefuller in peril, did not breathe
For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast
Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year
On board a merchantman, and made himself

"This is my house & this my little wife."

1. "Mine too" said Philip "Turn and turn about."

2. Philip, - helpless wrath & tears. "I hate you Enoch"

3. And say She would be little wife to both.

4. Philip loved in silence.

5. But she loved Enoch.....

6. Enoch set a purpose

.....

... clambered toward it still.

Enoch's activities, his courage and foresight

A Hard working man.

Full sailor ; and he thrice had pluck'd a life
From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas :
And all men look'd upon him favourably :
And ere he touched his one-and-twentieth May
He purchased his own boat, and made a home
For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfway up
The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill.

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
The younger people making holiday,
With bag and sack and basket, great and small,
Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd
(His father lying sick and needing him)
An hour behind : but as he climb'd the hill,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,
Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,
His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face
All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,
That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,
And in their eyes and faces read his doom ;
Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,
And slipt aside, and like a wounded life
Crept down into the hollows of the wood ;
There, while the rest were loud in merrymaking,
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past
Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,
Seven happy years of health and competence,
And mutual love and honourable toil ;

With children; first a daughter. In him woke,
With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish
To save all earnings to the uttermost,
And give his child a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or hers; a wish renew'd,
When two years after came a boy to be
The rosy idol of her solitudes,
While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,
Or often journeying landward; for in truth
Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil
In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,
Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales,
Not only to the market-cross were known,
But in the leafy lanes behind the down,
Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,
And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall,
Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.

Then came a change, as all things human change.
Ten miles to northward of the narrow port
Open'd a larger haven: thither used
Enoch at times to go by land or sea;
And once when there, and clambering on a mast
In harbour, by mischance he slipt and fell:
A limb was broken when they lifted him;
And while he lay recovering there, his wife
Bore him another son, a sickly one:
Another hand crept too across his trade
Taking her bread and theirs: and on him fell,
Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,
Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.

1. In him woke, with his first babe's first cry, the noble wish and give his child a better boyhood up.

2. The rosy label of her solitudes

Mother's absorbed love for her child; she can forget every loneliness & sorrows of life while rocking the babe's cradle.

3. Enoch's daily life affairs as an efficient, popular sailor & fisherman.

Enoch's Journey to China

A turning point in their wedded life - Enoch & Annie! However they were happy with Enoch's small earnings. They could have led their life with contentment and their children educated. But the opening of the new port nearby made Enoch ambitious.

Enoch broke his limb & lay helpless in the vessel. The master of the ship eventually asked him to go to China along with them. This one difference showed Enoch his way towards ambitious achievement; thought of making his wife & children happy and leading a rich, luxurious life.

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He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,
To see his children leading evermore
Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,
And her, he loved, a beggar: then he pray'd
"Save them from this, whatever come to me."
And while he pray'd, the master of that ship
Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,
Came, for he knew the man and valued him,
Reporting of his vessel China bound,
And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go?
There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,
Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the place?
And Enoch all at once assented to it,
Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd
No graver than as when some little cloud
Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,
And isles a light in the offing: yet the wife—
When he was gone—the children—what to do?
Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans;
To sell the boat—and yet he loved her well—
How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her!
He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse—
And yet to sell her—then with what she brought
Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth in trade
With all that seamen needed or their wives—
So might she keep the house while he was gone.
Should he not trade himself out yonder? go
This voyage more than once? yea twice or thrice—
As oft as needed—last, returning rich,

Become the master of a larger craft,
With fuller profits lead an easier life,
Have all his pretty young ones educated,
And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all:
Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,
Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born.
Forward she started with a happy cry,
And laid the feeble infant in his arms;
Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,
Appraised his weight and fondled fatherlike,
But had no heart to break his purposes
To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
Her finger, Annie fought against his will:
Yet not with brawling opposition she.
But manifold entreaties, many a tear,
Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd
(Sure that all evil would come out of it)
Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
For her or his dear children, not to go.
He not for his own self caring but her,
Her and her children, let her plead in vain;
So grieving held his will, and bore it thro.'

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,
Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand
To fit their little streetward sitting-room
With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.
So all day long till Enoch's last at home,

His dreams were worth while; but it was the deed of his ill-luck. The consequences of his journey to China proved very severe and his after suffering in life. But who would see his future. Man becomes, especially an ambitious man, the slave of his fate and wanders wherever it takes him.

In the beginning itself the idea of this journey was denied & opposed by his wife. She could not be convinced. Annie's love could not overcome her strong pull of his misfortune.

Selling his loveliest wood-brought goods & set Annie in trade

to earn her livelihood when he
is on his journey till his return.

(Prophetic words) ←
by Enoch —

Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer andaxe
Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear
Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang,
Till this was ended, and his careful hand,—
The space was narrow,—having order'd all
Almost as neat and close as Nature packs
Her blossom or her seedling, paused; and he,
Who needs would work for Annie to the last,
Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell
Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,
Save, as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.
Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man
Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery
Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,
Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes
Whatever came to him; and then he said
"Annie, this voyage by the grace of God
Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,
For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it."
Then lightly rocking baby's cradle "and he,
This pretty, puny, weakly little one,—
Nay—for I love him all the better for it—
God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees
And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
And make him merry, when I come home again.
Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go."

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,
And almost hoped herself; but when he turn'd

The current of his talk to graver things
In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,
Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,
Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke "O Enoch, you are wise;
And yet for all your wisdom well know I
That I shall look upon your face no more."

"Well then," said Enoch, "I shall look on yours.
Annie, the ship I sail in passes here
(He named the day), get you a seaman's glass,
Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears."

But when the last of those last moments came,
"Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
Look to the babes, and till I come again
Keep everything shipshape, for I must go.
And fear no more for me; or if you fear
Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.
Is He not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning? if I flee to these
Can I go from Him? and the sea is His,
The sea is His: He made it."

Enoch rose,
Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones;
But for the third, the sickly one, who slept

→ (Prophetic words by Annie)
→ " " by Enoch

→ Enoch's convincing and consoling words to Annie. He is a God-fearing, devoted man (like Tennyson) and he has a firm belief, trust in God — His existance everywhere on Earth.

(A traditional belief)

After a night of feverous wakefulness,
When Annie would have raised him Enoch said
"Wake him not; let him sleep; how should the child
Remember this?" and kiss'd him in his cot.
But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt
A tiny curl, and gave it: this he kept
Thro' all his future; but now hastily caught
His bundle, waved his hand went his way.

She when the day, that Enoch mention'd, came,
Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain: perhaps
She could not fix the glass to suit her eye;
Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous;
She saw him not: and while he stood on deck
Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail
She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him;
Then, tho' she mourned his absence as his grave,
Set her sad will no less to chime with his,
But throve not in her trade, not being bred
To barter, nor compensating the want
By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,
Nor asking overmuch and taking less,
And still foreboding "what would Enoch say?"
For more than once, in days of difficulty
And pressure, had she sold her wares for less
Than what she gave in buying what she sold:
She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it; and thus,
Expectant of that news which never came,
Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance,
And lived a life of silent melancholy.

Now the third child was sickly-born and grew
Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it
With all a mother's care: nevertheless,
Whether her business often call'd her from it,
Or thro' the want of what it needed most,
Or means to pay the voice who best could tell
What most it needed—howsoe'er it was,
After a lingering,—ere she was aware,—
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
The little innocent soul flitted away.

In that same week when Annie buried it,
Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace,
(Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),
Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.
"Surely," said Philip, "I may see her now,
May be some little comfort;" therefore went,
Past thro' the solitary room in front,
Paused for a moment at an inner door,
Then struck it thrice, and no one opening,
Enter'd; but Annie seated with her grief,
Fresh from the burial of her little one,
Cared not to look on any human face,
But turn'd her own toward the wall and wept.
Then Philip standing up said falteringly
"Annie, I came to ask a favour of you."

He spoke; the passion in her moan'd reply
"Favour from one so sad and so forlorn
As I am!" half abash'd him; yet unask'd,
His bashfulness and tenderness at war,

Annie's life of melancholy
(a pathetic situation)

Philip's sympathy towards
Annie

Philip's consolation.
(He is never jealous.) Exactly
He has a good opinion about him

He set himself beside her, saying to her :
"I came to speak to you of what he wish'd,
Enoch, your husband : I have ever said
You chose the best among us—a strong man :
For where he fixt his heart he set his hand
To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro.'
And wherefore did he go this weary way,
And leave you lonely ? not to see the world—
For pleasure ?—nay, but for the wherewithal
To give his babes a better bringing up
Than his had been, or yours: that was his wish.
And if he come again, vext will he be
To find the precious morning hours were lost.
And it would vex him even in his grave,
If he could know his babes were running wild
Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now—
Have we not known each other all our lives ?
I do beseech you by the love you bear
Him and his children not to say me nay—
For, if you will, when Enoch comes again
Why then he shall repay me—if you will,
Annie—for I am rich and well-to-do.
Now let me put the boy and girl to school :
This is the favour that I came to ask."

Then Annie with her brows against the wall
Answer'd "I cannot look you in the face ;
I seem so foolish and so broken down.
And now I think your kindness breaks me down ;
But Enoch lives ; that is borne in on me :
He will repay you: money can be repaid ;

Not kindness such as yours."

And Philip ask'd

"Then you will let me, Annie?"

There she turn'd,

She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes upon him,
And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,
Then calling down a blessing on his head
Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,
And past into the little garth beyond.
So lifted up in spirit he moved away.

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,
And bought them needful books, and everyway,
Like one who does his duty by his own,
Made himself theirs; and tho' for Annie's sake,
Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,
He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,
And seldom crost her threshold, yet he sent
Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,
The late and early roses from his wall,
Or conies from the down, and now and then,
With some pretext of fineness in the meal
To save the offence of charitable, flour
From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind:
Scarce could the woman when he came upon her,
Out of full heart and boundless gratitude
Light on a broken word to thank him with.
But Philip was her children's all-in-all;
From distant corners of the street they ran

" Re →
money can be repaid. Not kind
deeds such as yours".

~~to Annie~~ to Annie
Some presents made by Philip could
not avoid Annie's thoughts that
he was helping to support her.
So he had to send them with some
excuses.

His gratitude was beyond his words.

Philip grew more & more familiar
to them if they forgot Eve

To greet his hearty welcome heartily ;
Lords of his house and of his mill were they ;
Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs
Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with him
And called him Father Philip. Philip gain'd
As Enoch lost ; for Enoch seem'd to them
Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
Down at the far end of an avenue,
Going we know not where : and so ten years,
Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,
Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Annie's children long'd
To go with others, nutting to the wood,
And Annie would go with them : then they begg'd
For Father Philip (as they call'd him) too :
Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust,
Blanch'd with his mill, they found ; and saying to him
"Come with us Father Philip" he denied ;
But when the children pluck'd at him to go,
He laugh'd, and yielded readily to their wish,
For was not Annie with them ? and they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, all her force
Fail'd her ; and sighing, "Let me rest" she said :
So Philip rested with her well-content ;
While all the younger ones with jubilant cries
Broke from their elders, and tumultuously
Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge

To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke
The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away
Their tawny clusters, crying to each other
And calling, here and there, about the wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot
Her presence, and remember'd one dark hour
Here in this wood, when like a wounded life
He crept into the shadow : at last he said,
Lifting his honest forehead, "Listen, Annie,
How merry they are down yonder in the wood.
Tired, Annie ?" for she did not speak a word.
"Tired ?" but her face had fall'n upon her hands ;
At which, as with a kind of anger in him,
" The ship was lost," he said, "the ship was lost !
No more of that ! why should you kill yourself
And make them orphans quite ?" And Annie said
" I thought not of it : but—I know not why—
Their voices make me feel so solitary."

Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke.
" Annie, there is a thing upon my mind so long,
That tho' I know not when it first came there,
I know that it will out at last. O Annie,
It is beyond all hope, against all chance,
That he who left you ten long years ago
Should still be living ; well then—let me speak :
I grieve to see you poor and wanting help :
I cannot help you as I wish to do
Unless—they say that women are so quick—
Perhaps you know what I would have you know—
I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove

Annie's mental conflict.

Philip convinced Annie
to marry him.

Annie is grateful to Philip
beyond her words.

A father to your children: I do think
They love me as a father: I am sure
That I love them as if they were mine own;
And I believe, if you were fast my wife,
That after all these sad uncertain years,
We might be still as happy as God grants
To any of His creatures. Think upon it:
For I am well-to-do—no kin, no care,
No burthen, save my care for you and yours:
And we have known each other all our lives,
And I have loved you longer than you know."

Then answer'd Annie; tenderly she spoke:
"You have been as God's good angel in our house.
God bless you for it, God reward you for it,
Philip, with something happier than myself.
Can one love twice? can you be ever loved
As Enoch was? what is it that you ask?"
"I am content" he answer'd "to be loved
A little after Enoch." "O" she cried,
Scared as it were, "dear Philip, wait a while:
If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not come—
Yet wait a year, a year is not so long:
Surely I shall be wiser in a year:
O wait a little!" Philip sadly said
"Annie, as I have waited all my life
I well may wait a little." "Nay" she cried
"I am bound: you have my promise—in a year:
Will you not bide your year as I bide mine?"
And Philip answer'd "I will bide my year."

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up

Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day
Pass from the Danish barrow overhead;
Then fearing night and chill for Annie, rose
And sent his voice beneath him thro' the wood.
Up came the children laden with their spoil;
Then all descended to the port, and there
At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,
Saying gently "Annie, when I spoke to you,
That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong,
I am always bound to you, but you are free."
Then Annie weeping answer'd "I am bound."

She spoke: and in one moment as it were,
While yet she went about her household ways,
Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,
That he had loved her longer than she knew,
That autumn into autumn flash'd again,
And there he stood once more before her face,
Claiming her promise. "Is it a year?" she ask'd.
"Yes, if the nuts" he said "be ripe again:
Come out and see." But she—she put him off—
So much to look to—such a change—a month—
Give her a month—she knew that she was bound—
A month—no more. Then Philip with his eyes
Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice
Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,
"Take your own time, Annie, take your own time."
And Annie could have wept for pity of him;
And yet she held him on delayingly
With many a scarce-believable excuse,
Trying his truth and his long-sufferance,

Annie's indecision & reluctance.

People's different attitudes
towards the two persons
Annie & Philip -

Annie's superstitions.

Till half-another year had slipt away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,
Abhorrent of a calculation crost,
Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.
Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her;
Some that she but held off to draw him on;
And others laugh'd at her and Philip too,
As simple folk that knew not their own minds,
And one, in whom all evil fancies clung
Like serpent eggs together, laughingly
Would hint at worse in either. Her own son
Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish;
But evermore the daughter prest upon her
To wed the man so dear to all of them
And lift the household out of poverty;
And Philip's rosy face contracting grew
Careworn and wan: and all these things fell on her
Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly
Pray'd for a sign "my Enoch is he gone?"
Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night
Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,
Started from bed, and struck herself a light,
Then desperately seized the holy Book,
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
Suddenly put her finger on the text,
"Under the palm-tree." That was nothing to her.
No meaning there: she closed the Book and slept:
When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height,

Under a palm-tree, over him the Sun :
"He is gone," she thought, "he is happy, he is singing
Hossanna in the highest : yonder shines
The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms
Whereof the happy people strowing cried
'Hossanna in the highest!'" Here she woke,
Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him
"There is no reason why we should not wed."
"Then for God's sake," he answer'd, "both our sakes,
So you will wed me, let it be at once."

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,
Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.
But never merrily beat Annie's heart.
A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,
She knew not whence ; a whisper on her ear.
She knew not what ; nor loved she to be left
Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.
What ail'd her then, that ere she entered, often
Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,
Fearing to enter ; Philip thought he knew :
Such doubts and fears were common to her state,
Being with child : but when her child was born,
Then her new child was as herself renew'd,
Then the new mother came about her heart,
Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,
And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

And where was Enoch? prosperously sail'd
The ship "Good Fortune," tho' at setting forth
The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook

} She had a fear that Enoch may come

Annie, after giving birth to a new child with Philip forgot Enoch and attached herself to Philip & the lovely child.
[Mother's affection]

Qu—

1) Tennyson's attitude to nature.

And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unvext
She slipt across the summer of the world,
Then after a long tumble about the Cape
And frequent interchange of foul and fair,
She passing thro' the summer world again,
The breath of heaven came continually
And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,
Till, silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought
Quaint monsters for the market of those times,
A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.
Less lucky her home-voyage: at first indeed
Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figure-head
Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows:
Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable,
Then baffling, a long course of them; and last
Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens
Till hard upon the cry of "breakers" came
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
But Enoch and two others. Half the night,
Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,
These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn
Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human sustenance,
Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots;
Nor save for pity was it hard to take
The helpless life so wild that it was tame.
There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge
They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a hut,

Half hut, half native cavern. So the three,
Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,
Lay lingering out a five-years' death-in-life.
They could not leave him. After he was gone,
The two remaining found a fallen stem;
And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,
Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell
Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.
In those two deaths he read God's warning "wait."

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,

Awkward, critical poor condition of Greek Readers →

this area natural

A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail:
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch,
So, still, the golden lizard on him paused,
A phantom made of many phantoms moved
Before him haunting him, or he himself
Moved haunting things and places, known
Far in a darker isle beyond the line;
The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,
The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,
The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall,
The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
And the low moan of leaden-colour'd seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
Tho' faintly, merrily—far and far away—
He heard the pealing of his parish bells;
Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up
Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle
Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart
Spoken with That, which being everywhere

Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,
Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head
The sunny and rainy seasons came and went
Year after year. His hopes to see his own,
And pace the sacred old familiar fields,
Not yet had perish'd when his lonely doom
Came suddenly to an end. Another ship
(She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,
Like the good Fortune, from her destined course,
Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay :
For since the mate had seen at early dawn
Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle
The silent water slipping from the hills,
They sent a crew that landing burst away
In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the shores
With clamour. Downward from his mountain gorge
Stept the long-hair'd long-bearded solitary,
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
Muttering and mumbling, idiotlike it seem'd,
With inarticulate rage, and making signs
They knew not what : and yet he led the way
To where the rivulets of sweet water ran :
And ever as he mingled with the crew,
And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue
Was loosen'd till he made them understand ;
Whom, when their casks were fill'd they took aboard :
And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,
Scarce-credited at first but more and more,
Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it :

And clothes they gave him and free passage home ;
But oft he work'd among the rest and shook
His isolation from him. None of these
Came from his country, or could answer him,
If question'd, aught of what he cared to know.
And dull the voyage was with long delays,
The vessel scarce sea-worthy ; but evermore
His fancy fled before the lazy wind
Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
He like a lover down thro' all his blood
Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath
Of England, blown across her ghostly wall :
And that same morning officers and men
Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,
Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it :
Then moving up the coast they landed him,
Ev'n in that harbour whence he sail'd before.

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,
But homeward—home—what home ? had he a home ?
His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,
Sunny but chill ; till drawn thro' either chasm,
Where either haven open'd on the deeps,
Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray ;
Cut off the length of highway on before,
And left but narrow breadth to left and right
Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage.
On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped
Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down :
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom :

Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light
Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,
His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home
Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes
In those far-off seven happy years were born;
But finding neither light nor murmur there
(A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept
Still downward thinking "dead or dead to me!"

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,
Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
A front of timber-crost antiquity,
So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,
He thought it must have gone; but he was gone
Who kept it; and his widow Miriam Lane,
With daily-dwindling profits held the house;
A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now
Stiller, with yet a bed for wandering men.
There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,
Nor let him be, but often breaking in,
Told him, with other annals of the port,
Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bow'd,
So broken—all the story of his house.
His baby's death, her growing poverty,
How Philip put her little ones to school,
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,
Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth

[illegible]

The Trial begins with
Phillip's sacrifice & ends
with the sacrifices of Enoch
Justify

Of Philip's child: and o'er his countenance
No shadow past, nor motion: any one,
Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale
Less than the teller: only when she closed
"Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost"
He, shaking his gray head pathetically,
Repeated muttering "cast away and lost;"
Again in deeper inward whispers "lost!"

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again;
"If I might look on her sweet face again
And know that she is happy." So the thought
Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth,
At evening when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below;
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
The ruddy square of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
The latest house to landward; but behind,
With one small gate that open'd on the waste,
Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd:
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it:
But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole

Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence
That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board
Sparkled and shone: so genial was the hearth:
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;
And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,
Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd:
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love,—
Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd

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Enoch's sacrifice pathetic ←

"Annie" — this simple word would have killed the happiness of all those in that house.

To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden-wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

"Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too! must I not speak to these?
They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never: No father's kiss for me—the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son."

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little,
And he lay tranced; but when he rose and paced
Back toward his solitary home again,
All down the long and narrow street he went

Beating it in upon his weary brain,
As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
"Not to tell her, never to let her know."

He was not all unhappy. His resolve
Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
Prayer from a living source within the will,
And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
Kept him a living soul. "This miller's wife"
He said to Mariam "that you spoke about,
Has she no fear that her first husband lives?"
"Ay, ay, poor soul" said Miriam, fear enow!
If you could tell her you had seen him dead.
Why, that would be her comfort;" and he thought
"After the Lord has call'd me she shall know,
I wait His time," and Enoch set himself,
Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.
Almost to all things could he turn his hand.
Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought
To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd
At lading and unlading the tall barks
That brought the stinted commerce of those days;
Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself:
Yet since he did but labour for himself,
Work without hope, there was not life in it
Whereby the man could live; and as the year
Roll'd itself round again to meet the day
When Enoch had return'd, a languor came
Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually
Weakening the man, till he could do no more,

But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.
And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.
For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall
The boat that bears the hope of life approach
To save the life despair'd of than he saw
Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope
On Enoch thinking "after I am gone,
Then may she learn I loved her to the last."
He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said
"Woman, I have a secret—only swear,
Before I tell you—swear upon the book
Not to reveal it, till you see me dead."
"Dead," clamour'd the good woman, "hear him talk!
I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round".
"Swear" added Enoch sternly "on the book."
And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her,
" Did you know Enoch Arden of this town ? "
" Know him ? " she said " I knew him far away.
Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street ;
Held his head high, and cared for no man, he."
Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her ;
" His head is low, and no man cares for him.
I think I have not three days more to live ;
I am the man." At which the woman gave
A half-incredulous, half hysterical cry,
" You Arden, you ! nay,—sure he was a foot

Higher than you be." Enoch said again
" My God has bow'd me down to what I am ;
My grief and solitude have broken me ;
Nevertheless, know you that I am he
Who married—but that name has twice been changed—
I married her who married Philip Ray.
Sit, listen." Then he told her of his voyage,
His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
And how he kept it. As the woman heard,
Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears,
While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly
To rush abroad all round the little haven
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes ;
But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,
Saying only " See your bairns before you go !
Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden ? " and arose
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
A moment on her words, but then replied:

" Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die.
Sit down again ; mark me and understand,
While I have power to speak. I charge you now,
When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her ;
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath

Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I died blessing him.
And say to Philip that I blest him too;
He never meant us anything but good.
But if my children care to see me dead
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
I am their father; but she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life.
And now there is but one of all my blood
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be:
This hair is his: she cut it off and gave it,
And I have borne it with me all these years,
And thought to bear it with me to my grave;
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
My babe in bliss: wherefore when I am gone,
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her:
It will moreover be a token to her,
That I am he."

He ceased; and Miriam Lane
Made such a voluble answer promising all,
That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her
Repeating all he wish'd, and once again
She promised.

Then the third night after this,
While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea,
That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad
Crying with a loud voice "A sail! a sail!

I am saved;" and so fell back and spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul away.
And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

ENOCH ARDEN

Theme.—the pathetic story of a sailor who is shipwrecked and cast away on a desert island and on returning home after a lapse of 11 yaars, finds that his wife has married another.

Gist.—Enoch, Philip and Annie are three children of a small village on the English sea-coast. Philip grows up to be a prosperous miller and Enoch a sturdy fisherman. Both love Annie but she marries Enoch and the two lead a happy life for many years. Two boys and a girl are born to them. Hard times follow and Enoch has to depart on a long voyage in the hope of acquiring wealth. He is shipwrecked and has to live many years on a solitary island. In the meanwhile his wife and children suffer from poverty and are generously helped by Philip. Finally Annie marries Philip, thinking that Enoch is dead. About a year later Enoch is rescued from the island and returns to his native village. But on finding that his wife is living happily as Philip's wife, he refrains from revealing himself, and dies a few days later, worn out in body and mind.

Summary.

The happy married life of Enoch and Annie.

Enoch Arden, Philip Ray and Annie Lee were three children in a small village on the English sea-coast. Philip was the miller's son and Enoch the orphaned son of a sailor. In course of time they grew up to manhood when Philip stayed at the mill to assist his father while Enoch became a sturdy and skilful fisherman.

Both loved Annie but she preferred the sturdy Enoch

and married him. Together they led a happy married life for seven years and had two sons and a daughter.

Enoch departs on a long voyage hoping to acquire wealth.

Then one day came a change in their life. Enoch had gone to the large sea-port about 10 miles away, and while climbing up a mast had fallen down and broken a limb. He lay sick for several days during which period his trade was captured by another and the thought of his wife and children becoming beggars, if he were to die, tormented him. He wanted to prevent that by acquiring some wealth, and so when the captain of a ship bound for China offered him the boatswain's post, Enoch readily accepted it. He hoped to make some money by the voyage. During his absence, his wife would manage to maintain herself and their children by keeping a small shop, and then he would return a rich man and they would live happily ever after.

With these hopes, Enoch returned home and told Annie all his plans. She tried to dissuade him from going, with tears and entreaties, but he was firm in his resolve. He sold his boat, purchased the necessary things for stocking his wife's shop, and after bidding her and the children a tender farewell, departed.

Philip helps Annie in her trouble.

Thus Enoch sailed away and Annie was left alone to the management of her children and her shop But the shop did not prosper ; she had not the necessary shrewdness or deceit necessary for such work. She sold her things for less than their value and was just able to live with difficulty. In this condition, another misfortune befell her ; her third child, a sickly boy fell ill and died.

Seeing her sorrowful state, Philip her old lover, yearned to comfort her. One day he went to her house and begged of her to allow him to send her two children to school. Annie thankfully accepted his kind offer.

Philip begs of Annie to marry him ; Annie agrees to do so after the expiry of one year.

So Philip put Anne's two children to school and gave them presents and they came to love him and called him Father Philip. A few years passed by. One evening Philip, Annie and the two children went to the woods. After they had gone some distance, Annie felt tired and sat down to rest. Philip also sat by her side, allowing the children to roam about. Philip then revealed his feelings and told her of his love for her and begged her to be his wife. He said that Enoch must be dead, since there had been no news of him for the past ten years. Annie requested him to wait for a year more and promised to marry him if Enoch failed to return by that time.

Philip and Annie get married.

A year passed and still Enoch did not return and Annie felt uneasy at having promised to marry Philip. Annie put him off for six months more. Then one night Annie had a dream of Enoch sitting under a palm tree with the sun shining over him. She thought that this meant that Enoch was dead and in heaven, sitting under the palm trees of paradise with the Sun of Righteousness shining above him. So she ran to Philip and expressed her readiness to marry him. Accordingly they were married and within a year a girl was born to them.

Enoch's fate ; he is ship-wrecked on a solitary island.

But where was Enoch all these years ? His ship had sailed safely to the East and had traded well, but was wrecked on her return voyage and Enoch was cast on a solitary

island in the tropics. Only three people survived including Enoch and they made their way to the coast by clinging to the floating spars and tackle of the ship. The three sailors lived on the island, feeding on fruits, nuts and roots. After three years one of them who had been injured in the ship-wreck, died. After some time, Enoch's remaining comrade also died from sunstroke, thus leaving him alone.

Enoch is rescued, and returns to his native village.

For many long years Enoch lived on the island, till one day his patience was rewarded and a ship touched at this island to procure fresh water. The sailors took him on board the ship and in due course Enoch reached England and came to his native village.

Finding his house desolate he goes to the inn and hears the story of Annie's remarriage.

On landing at the harbour near his native village, he made his way home with a heavy heart but found neither light nor sound there so he came back to the harbour and rested in a tavern kept by an old woman Miriam Lane. For three days he lay there, during which time the old woman told him all the gossip of the place and the story of Enoch and his family. She told him of Enoch's long absence, of his widow's difficulties, of the help given by Philip and finally of the marriage of Philip and Annie.

Enoch secretly goes to Philip's house and sees his wife and children happily living there.

Enoch heard all this without a pang of jealousy; his only desire was to see his wife again and know whether she was living happily. So that evening, when darkness came on, he went to Philip's house and secretly entered the small garden behind it and from there caught sight of the family within. Philip, Annie, Enoch's son and

daughter were all sitting around the hearth, forming a happy family party.

The sight sent a pang of pain through Enoch's heart, but he controlled himself and walked out of the garden and falling on the ground he prayed to God for strength to enable him to keep his identity hidden, so that they might not be disturbed in their happiness. Then he went slowly back to his tavern.

Enoch reveals himself to the old woman and asks her to convey to Annie his constant love for her, when he is dead.

For a year more Enoch lived in the village, unrecognised by everyone and earning his bread by the labour of his own hands. But he had no hope or joy in life and so when a year passed, he fell sick. He felt that his end was near, and then a new hope gave him some joy. He would contrive to let his wife know after he was dead that he had loved her to the last. With tha object in view, he called the old landlady to his side and after making her swear on the Bible not to reveal his secret before his death, told her who he was and asked her to tell Annie that he had blessed her with his dying breath. He then gave her the hair of his child which he had carried with him all these years, and by this token his wife would know it was really Enoch. The old woman promised to do as Enoch desired. The third night after this Enoch passed away.

Analysis.

Lines 1—9. A description of the village in which the incidents related in the poem take place.

Lines 10—36. The happy childhood of Annie, Enoch and Philip is described.

Lines 37—79. When they grow up, both Enoch

and Philip fall in love with Annie, but she marries Enoch.

Lines 80—100. The happy married life of Enoch and Annie is described.

Lines 101—147. An accident befalls Enoch : he accepts the post of a boatswain in a ship that is to sail to China.

Lines 148—243. After making the necessary arrangements, for his wife and children, Enoch sails away.

Lines 244—327. Annie's shop does not prosper ; her third child dies, and she is in trouble. Philip offers her help and puts her two children to school.

Lines 328—358. Ten years pass away without any news of Enoch ; his children come to love Philip as their father.

Lines 359—448. Philip urges Annie to marry him and thus give him a better right to take care of her and her children. Annie agrees, if Enoch fails to return within a year's time.

Lines 449—523. A year passes without news of Enoch ; Annie puts off Philip for six months more. One day she has a dream which she interprets as an indication of Enoch's death. Then she marries Philip.

Lines 524—662. The history of Enoch's voyage—his ship sails safely to the East, but he is shipwrecked on a solitary island during the return voyage. Enoch and two others are cast on the island, where after a few years, Enoch's companions also die. After a long period, Enoch is rescued and returns to England.

Lines 663—712. Enoch finds his home abandoned, and learns from an old woman all the news about his family.

Lines 713—794. Enoch secretely visits Philip's house and catches sight of his wife and children living happily

there. He resolves to remain unknown and thus leave them undisturbed in their happiness.

Lines 795–911. After a year Enoch's health fails. While on his death-bed, he reveals himself to the landlady and asks her to tell Annie when he is dead, how he had blessed her with his dying words. Three day later he dies.

Notes and Explanations.

1. *cliff*—precipice, steep rock. *chasm*—abyss, a deep cleft.

3. *red roofs*—roofs covered with red tiles. *wharf*—a platform for unloading cargo from ships.

4. *in cluster*—close together. *Mouldered*—decayed (on account of exposure to the weather).

5. *mill*—a windmill for grinding corn.

6. *down*—open high land. *Danish barrows*—small mounds or hillocks marking the graves of ancient Danish chiefs. *hazelwood*—wood containing trees on which the hazel nut grows.

8. *Autumn nutters*—those who went to pick the hazel-nuts in autumn. *haunted*—frequently visited. *flourishes*—thrives vigorously.

12. *damsel*—maiden.

16. *waste and lumber*—useless and cast away articles.

17. *hard coils of cordage*—ropes and cables, usually kept in coils when not in use. *swarthy*—dark-brown in colour.

18. *flukes*—are the two ends of the curved portion of an anchor which stick into the ground.

21. *breaker*—large wave breaking near the shore.

24. *played at keeping house*—played the part of grown-ups looking after a household.

38-39. *the new warmth.....felt by either*—when they

grew up, they began to be conscious of the growth of love.

45. *evermore*—always.

46. *hoard*—save; put by.

51. *leagues*—a measure of distance, equal to three miles. *breaker-beaten*—beaten by the waves of the sea.

53. *merchantman*—trading ship.

54. *plucked a life*—saved another from drowning.

55. *dread sweep*—terrible current. *down-streaming*—receding or flowing downwards.

59. *nestlike*—small and comfortable like a little nest.

61. *eventide*—evening time.

67. *prone*—sloping, inclined.

70. *weather beaten*—brown from exposure to the open air.

72. *as on an altar*—as the sacred fire on the altar of a temple.

75. *wounded life*—wounded animal.

76. *hollows*—the inner and thicker parts of the wood.

79. *a lifelong hunger*—of the yearning of disappointed love for Annie which was destined to last through life.

82. *competence*—sufficient means of livelihood; easy circumstances.

90. *the rosy idol.....solitudes*—when Annie was alone, she found great joy in fondling her child who was stout and rosy-cheeked.

93. *Enoch's white horse*—i.e. his white boat. *ocean spoil*—i.e. fish. *osier*—a kind of twig with which baskets are made. Here it means the baskets in which the fish were kept.

95. *gales*—storms.

96. *to the market cross*—to the people frequenting the market. (The market place was situated near a cross

of stone).

98. *portal warding*—guarding the gates. *lion-whelp*—figures of young lions.

99. *peocock-yew tree*—yew tree trimmed to the shape of a peacock. *Hall*—country house of some rich person.

103. *haven*—harbour.

110. *Another hand crept*—Another person captured Enoch's trade in his absence while he was lying ill.

112. *staid*—steady ; sober.

120. *mischance*—misfortune, accident.

122. *China-bound*—about to sail for China.

123. *boatswain*—an inferior officer of the ship in charge of the crew.

128. *shadow of mischance*—the anxiety caused by the misfortune.

129. *graver*—more serious.

130. *cuts off the fiery highway of the sun*—cut off the sunlight.

131. *isles of light*—forms a small patch of light. *offing*—that part of sea nearer the horizon than the coast.

135. *weathered*—encountered and passed through safely.

141. *out yonder*—in China.

144. *craft*—boat or ship.

154. *appraised*—estimated ; guessed.

155. *to break his purposes*—to reveal his intention i.e. to leave his wife and go as a boatswain in the vessel which was bound for China.

157. *since Enoch's golden ring.....finger*—since her marriage.

159. *brawling*—noisy.

160. *manifold*—many ; numberless.

163. *supplicating*—entreating.

167. *bore it thro'*—had his way.

168. *sea-friend*—i.e. his boat.

170. *cabin*—small room.

174. *auger*—an instrument for making holes in wood.

175. *scaffold*—a raised platform on which a prisoner is executed.

shrill'd and rang—the words describe the noise produced by the saw and the hammer.

178. *as Nature packs*—as neatly and closely as Nature encloses seeds or buds in their coverings.

187. *God-in-man*—the spiritual part of man. *man-in-God*—the human element in Divine Nature.

194. *rocking*—moving backwards and forwards.

203. *the current of his talk*—the subject matter of his talk.

204. *sermonizing*—preaching.

205. *providence*—God's care for human welfare.

209. *heard and not heard*—because she is absorbed in her thoughts of the one who used to fill it for her.

215. *seaman's glasss*—a telescope enabling one to see distant objects clearly.

216. *spy out*—look out carefully.

220. *shipshape*—in good order.

222. *that anchor holds*—God is the surest protection for man.

228. *drooping*—with head bent down with sorrow.

242. *tremulous*—trembling.

244. *the moment*—when Annie would have been able to see Enoch with the aid of the glass.

245. *even to the last dip.....it*—Annie watched the ship till the very last bit of its sail sank below the horizon.

248. *set her sad.....his*—tried to act according to his wishes.

249. *throve*—prospered.

250. *barter*—bargain.

255. *wares*—goods.

258. *that news*—news of her husband.

260. *scanty sustenance*—meagre livelihood.

265. *what it needed most*—good food.

266. *the voice who*—i. e. the voice of the doctor.

270. *flitted*—flew.

274. *smote him*—blamed him for his neglect of Annie.

284. *falteringly*—in a broken and hesitating voice (indicating his deep feeling).

298. *wherewithal*—means.

302. *morning hours*—the years of youth (of the children).

304. *running wild*—grown up without education.

about the waste—in waste land.

325. *swimming eyes*—eyes filled with tears.

327. *wrung*—pressed.

328. *garth*—garden, yard.

332. *by his own*—to his own children.

339. *conies*—rabbits (used as food).

341-2. *with some pretext.....charitable*—Philip would send flour to Annie saying that it was particularly fine, and thus prevent Annie from feeling that he was giving her charity.

344. *fathom*—understand.

347. *light on*—find.

358. *avenue*—long walk bordered with trees.

363. *nutting*—to gather nuts.

366. *working bee*—bee which gathers honey.

blossom dust—the pollen or dust of flowers.

372. *scaling*—climbing.

377. *jubilant*—joyful.

378. *broke from*—ran off. *tumultuously*—with noisy merriment.

381. *lithe*—pliant, bending easily.

382. *tawny*—brown.

410. *fain*—gladly ; readily.

419. *burthen*—burden.

423. *God's good angel*—a kind protector.

430. *scared*—frightened.

438. *bide*—wait.

440. *mute*—silent.

441. *dead flame*—the red light of sunset.

443. *fearing chill*—fearing that Annie might catch cold.

444. *sent his voice*—called.

445. *their spoil*—the nuts they had gathered.

453. *household ways*—household work.

456. *Autumn into autumn.....again*—the year passed very quickly.

464. *that lifelong hunger*—his long love and yearning for Annie.

470. *long sufferance*—patience.

472. *gossips*—newsmongers.

473. *abhorrent.....crost*—disliking the disappointment of their expectations that Annie and Philip would marry.

474. *chafe*—get vexed.

476. *held off.....him on*—refused to marry him in order to make him more eager in his love.

483. *prest upon her*—urged her.

492. *compass'd round*—surrounded. *blind wall of night*—*i. e.* darkness.

495. *the holy Book*—the Bible.

505. *strowing*—spreading. *the sun of Righteousness*—Christ.

514. *fall*—sound ; keep step with her.

529. *The Biscay*—the Bay of Biscay to the west of the Spanish peninsula.

532. *long tumble about the Cape*—the ship had to

struggle in the stormy weather that is usually met with near the Cape of Good Hope.

533. *foul and fair*—bad and good weather.

335. *the breath of heaven*—*i. e.* steady wind.

536. *the golden isles*—the Malay Archipelago.

537. *oriental haven*—harbour in the east.

539. *quaint monsters*—queer and strange looking stuffed animals.

540. *dragon*—a mythical animal with wings and scales.

542. *sea-circle*—horizon.

543. *full-busted*—with a well developed chest. *figure-head*—the carved figure of a woman placed on the bows of a ship.

544. *stared*—looked. *ripple*—small wave.

546. *baffling*—contrary winds that prevented the progress of the ship.

547. *moonless heavens*—cloudy skies.

548. *hard upon the.....ruin*—As the skies were clouded, the sailors did not know where they were. They realised that they were near the shore only on hearing the roar of the waves breaking on the coast. But it was then too late to prevent the ship being wrecked on the shore.

551. *buoy'd upon*—floating upon. *tackle*—ropes and pulleys etc. *spars*—broken masts or yards, poles.

552. *drifted*—driven along by the wind or current. *stranding*—running aground ; thrown upon the beach.

556-7. *Nor save for pity.....tame*—only pity prevented them from easily capturing and killing the wild animals of the place because they were so tame.

558. *gorge*—valley.

560. *cavern*—cave.

561. *Eden*—the garden where according to the Bible, God first placed Adam and Eve.

565. *death-in-life*—a state of living death ; that is, though alive, he could do nothing.

569. *fire-hollowing this*—trying to make the log into a boat by burning out the inner part with fire as American Indians do.

570. *Sun-stricken*—killed by exposure to the rays of the sun.

572. *wooded to the peak*—covered with forest to the very top.

574. *coco*—cocoanut tree. *crown of plumes*—the leaves of the cocoanut tree growing in a tuft at the top.

576. *lustre*—colour. *convolvuluses*—a kind of creeping and flowering plant.

579. *the glows.....world*—the bright light and deep colours of the tropical zone of the world.

584. *myriad*—countless number.

584. *the league-long roller*—the large wave, a league in length. *reefs*—a ridge of rock at or near the surface of the sea and usually running parallel with the coast.

586. *in the zenith*—high in the sky.

587. *sweep*—rush. *precipitous*—falling down a steep incline.

588. *ranged*—wandered.

592-3. *The sunrise broken.....precipices*—*i. i.* the red rays of the sun passing through the trees and bushes of the island looked like shafts of light. *ferns*—a kind of plant.

594. *the blaze*—the bright light of the sun.

597. *globed themselves*—appeared like globes in the sky.

598. *hollower-bellowing ocean*—the sound of the waves roaring louder in the night with a deeper sound.

599. *the scarlet shafts*—the red rays.

602-3. *A phantom made of.....haunting him*—a vision made up of many fancies and imaginings frequently visited his mind.

604. *he himself moved.....known*—he imagined that he was in England, among the familiar scenes of home and in the company of his wife and children.

605. *darker isle*—England with its cloudy skies.

615. *pealing*—ringing.

617-18. *when the beauteous.....upon him*—when he realised that he was in a solitary island, which though beautiful was yet hateful to him.

619. *Had not.....That*—had he not prayed to God.

622. *early silvering*—growing grey prematurely.

631. *mate*—officer just below the rank of captain.

632. *mist wreathen*—covered with mist.

634. *burst away*—hurried away in all directions.

635. *clamour*—noisy shouts.

637. *solitary*—lonely man.

639. *muttering and mumbling*—uttering meaningless sounds.

640. *inarticulate rage*—anger because he could not speak through having been silent for so long a period.

644. *bounden*—tied.

648. *credited*—believed.

656. *sea-worthy*—in a fit condition for a voyage.

661. *ghostly wall*—the white chalk cliffs on the coast of England which appear ghost-like in the mist..

663. *levied a kindly tax*—raised a charitable subscription among themselves.

671. *opened on the deeps*—was open towards the sea.

672. *rolled*—spread. *sea-haze*—sea fog. *whelmed*—completely covered.

673. *out off the length ... before*—the fog was so thick that only a short length of the road was visible to

the travellers as they walked.

674. *left but narrow breadth*—only a narrow strip could be seen on either side.

675. *holt*—small wood. *tilth*—cultivated land.

676. *nigh-naked*—almost bare of leaves. *piped disconsolate*—whistled forlornly.

677. *dripping haze*—the fog which settling on trees condensed and fell in drops.

679. *drizzle*—light rain.

680. *mist-blotted light*—light obscured by the mist.

681. *flared*—blazed into sight.

688. *a bill of sale*—a notice that the house was for sale.

692. *timber crost*—built of beams of wood fixed crosswise. *antiquity*—old building.

693. *propt*—supported.

696. *dwindling*—diminishing.

700. *garrulous*—talkative.

701. *breaking in*—disturbing him.

702. *annals*—stories, or events of the past.

704. *broken*—crushed in spirit, humbled.

710. *no shadow.....motion*—He controlled himself so that his face showed no feeling of grief or pain as he heard how his wife came to marry Philip.

720. *harassed*—troubled.

727. *far blazing*—shining at a distance.

728. *beacon-blaze*—the light of a light house.

728-30. *As the beacon blaze.....weary life*—Many migratory birds attracted by the light of the lighthouse dash against it and are killed.

735. *evergreen*—a tree the leaves of which always remain green.

737. *shingle*—coarse, rounded gravel or pebbles collected on the sea-shore.

742. *burnished board*—polished table.

743. *genial*—warm and pleasant. *hearth*—fireplace.

745. *slighted suitor*—disregarded lover.

750. *dangled*—hung swinging.

751. *reared*—raised up. *creasy arms*—arms which were fat and were consequently full of folds or wrinkles.

769. *like the blast of doom.....hearth*—by crying out and thus revealing himself, he would destroy their happiness for ever, just as the blowing of the angel's trumpet on the Day of Judgment will destroy the earth.

772. *Grate underfoot*—produce a harsh sound as he trod on them.

779. *prone*—prostrate.

793. *tranced*—in a semi-conscious condition.

797. *burthen of a song*—refrain, the words of a song that are repeated at the end of each stanza.

812. *scorning an alms*—refusing to accept charity.

814. *Cooper*—maker of tubs, barrels etc.

816. *lading*—loading. *barks*—ships.

817. *stinted commerce*—limited trade.

822. *as the day rolled itself.....had returned*—when a year passed after Enoch's return.

823. *langour*—weakness.

826. *kept the house*—remained in the house.

828. *stranded wreck*—ship that has run aground.

829. *the gray skirts*—the grey edges. *lifting squall*—storm of wind and rain that is passing away.

828—832. *for sure no gladlier.....close of all*—Enoch welcomed the approach of death as gladly as shipwrecked people welcome the approach of a boat that comes to save them from certain death.

838. *the book*—the Bible.

840. *clamoured*—spoke loudly and earnestly.

841. *warrant*—assure you. *bring you round*—cure

you.

848. *held his head high*—walked proudly.

853. *incredulous*—unbelieving. *hysterical*—wild, excited and nervous.

866. *incessantly*—continually, all the time he was speaking.

871. *awed*—afraid to break her oath. *promise-bounden*—bound by her promise. *forbore*—refrained from revealing his secret.

872. *bairns*—children. *before you go*—before you die.

874. *hung*—hesitated.

900. *in bliss*—the bliss of heaven.

902. *token*—proof.

905. *voluble*—long and wordy.

910. *slumbered*—slept. *dozed*—had short snatches of sleep.

912. *calling of the sea*—roaring of the sea which seemed to call him.

913. *rang*—resounded, was filled with the noise.

ವರ್ಗೀಕರಣ ಸಂಖ್ಯೆ 821.8 TEN
ಲೇಖಕ ROBERTSON

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the poem
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